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DRAWINGS

FROM

LIVING MODELS.

10/-

BRITISH MUSEUM
17
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MAR

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FROM

Living MODELS.

TAKEN

At BATH.

Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

AND SOLD

By G. ROBINSON and J. BEW, *Pater Noſter Row*;

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PROLOGUE.

A Preacher once in country town,
Was thus accoſted by a clown.
" Though great my faults, and many too,
" I never gave offence to you;
" Why then ſo baſe, and cruel be,
" To point your whole diſcourſe at me?
" The fact beyond a doubt is clear,
" As from your practice will appear,
" Which more than half the pariſh blame,
" Becauſe they've undergone the ſame.
Hearing the charge, with honeſt pride,
The preacher ſmiling, thus replied.
" Truſt me, if you your faults amend,
" You'll find my ſermons leſs offend.
—'Tis thus exactly with my muſe,
Whoſe zeal diſclaims all private views;
Who ſketches on a gen'ral plan,
Folly her object,—not the man.
The cap thus fitting more than one,
Each fool it fits, may put it on.

PROLOGUE.

A Preacher once in country town,
Was thus accosted by a clown.
"Though great my faults, and many too,
"I never gave offence to you;
"Why then to rail, and unprovoked,
"To point your whole discourse at me?
"The fact beyond a doubt is clear,
"Aye from your practice will appear,
"Which more than half the parish blame,
"Because they've undergone the fame.
Hearing the charge, with thoughtful pride,
The preacher smiling, thus replied.
"Truth me, if you your faults amend,
"You'll find my sermons less offend.
—'Tis thus exactly with my text,
Whole zeal dictates all private vices,
Who scolds on a general plan,
Fully her object—nor the man.
The cap thus fitting more than one,
Each looks for fire, may justly

DRAWINGS

From LIVING MODELS.

" Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time,
" Slides into verſe and hitches into rhyme,"

POPE.

WHO than SPORUS more the Ton is?
SPORUS, Prince of Maccaronies!
In the ſcience he profeſſes,
Who excels?—who better dreſſes?
His want of learning, wit, or ſenſe,
Are no defects of conſequence;
For ſure no man alive can ſhow,
The uſe of either to a beau.

SPORUS knows, who beſt compoſes
Naples dew, and milk of roſes;
Knowledge to him of greater uſe,
Than,—any knowledge more abſtruſe;
Whoſe ſtudious labours all conſiſt,
In daily reading Warren's liſt.

Refreſhing odours, ſweet perfumes,
Announce his entrance at the rooms.
His air, his gait, his tout habille,
Divert the tabbies from quadrille.
The betters,—players,—lookers on,
From ſober whiſt, and three to one;
From golden hopes, and deep fineſſe,
Their minds abſtract, to view his dreſs.
MAJOR PENTWEEZLE, BARON SHARK,
Severeſt ſatire's faireſt mark;
With twenty others I could name,
Expert in *ſcience*, men of *fame*;
A *fable* group, who faſt, or feed,
As GUDGEONS bite, or PIGEONS bleed.

Reluctant

Reluctant leaving Fortune's ſhrine,
Advance their faces in the line.
E'en Ty--n's ſolemn brow appears
Leſs burthen'd with official cares;
His rigid muſcles for a while,
Relax to—ſomething like a ſmile.

Thus attracting obſervation,
Flatt'ring proof of admiration!
Sporus,—complacent, degage,
From every baſhful ſymptom free.
Views his form in diſtant glaſſes,
As through gazing crouds he paſſes.
Bleſt in pre-eminence of taſte;
In ſelf applauſe, ſupremely bleſt.

Buckles Artois from Paris new,
Diſplay'd on light Cordovan ſhoe;
Buckles of Patagonian ſize,
Form to his head a counterpoiſe.
The height of taſte, his higheſt pride,
He ſports a watch on either ſide,

Uſing the baubles and the ſeals
As playful monkeys uſe their tails.—
—A tiny cane with head of gold
Supplies the truncheon uſed of old;
The ſtring!—let beaus with envy hear,—
A braided lock of SAPPHO's hair.
His coat of Boue de Paris hue,
The cut and trim Pariſian too.
Adorn'd with toils, ſurpaſſing fine!
Which Iris' brighteſt tints outſhine!—
—With vi'let's hue or Tyrian dye,
His veſt of VESTRIS blue may vie,
The ſattin — *ſoft* as down of ſwan,
Suggeſts an emblem of the man.
Lappells in newly fancied taſte,
Run tap'ring downwards to the waiſt.
Gayly deck'd with glitt'ring ſpangle,
Silver taſſels gayly dangle,
Fringe and loops in careleſs order,
Form—a pretty ſort of border.—
—A roſe of point ſupports his chin;
His boſom cloſed with diamond pin.

Ruffles of fineſt Bruſſells lace,
Flow on his hand with eaſy grace;
A hand! whoſe matchleſs whiteneſs proves
The excellence, of—CHICKEN GLOVES.
Fantaſtic curls of borrow'd hair,
Which beaus as well as ladies wear,
On his neck each other follow,
Like the ringlets of Apollo.
A club enormous! (borrow'd too)
Is ſubſtituted for a queue.
His forehead crown'd, with tete of wool,
To make his foretop high and full.
Such is the outſide of a THING,
Which ſhelters under faſhion's wing,
A creature! who by all that's tender,
Can only be of doubtful gender.

Thus far with honeſt zeal, the muſe,
Her theme fantaſtical purſues;
Fondly indulging comic vein,
The freaks of folly to reſtrain.

But Folly held to public eye,
May public ridicule defy.
Inſenſibility her ſhield,
She dauntleſs ſtill may keep the Field.
To drive her from the haunts of men,
Ne'er to reviſit them again;
Is,—ye fair, a work of merit,
Which depends on female ſpirit.
Contempt pronounced from WROUGHTONS eyes,
On *Things* her judgment muſt deſpiſe;
Will more with Fops, and Foplings ſway,
Than public laugh, or poets lay.

Though GOULD with ev'ry charm is bleſt,
Which gives emotion to the breaſt;
Though nature in her form unites,
Whatever pleaſes or delights,
Whatever raiſes ſoft deſire,
Or kindles love's impetuous fire;
—Her decent manners, modeſt air,
Which prove her good, as well as fair;

Her lively ſenſe, her poignant wit,
A radiance from her eyes emit,
Which MEN admire,—but fribbles ſhun,
As birds of night avoid the ſun.

The modeſt dignity which heav'n
To MARKETT's countenance hath given.
Her *juſt* reſerve, which ne'er offends;
Which gains, but never loſes friends;
Her beauty,—goodneſs—ſenſe refined,
With elegance of manners join'd;
—Empty impertinence will awe,
And diſconcert the vaineſt beau.
From theſe ye fair your model take,
For Honor, Fame and Virtue's ſake.

SAPPHO, affected, ſilly, vain,
A ſlave to paſſion, prey to ſpleen;
Ever courting admiration;
Ever leading to flirtation;
Envying every female charm,
Attempting every man by ſtorm.

Sappho!

Sappho ſwears,—yes *ſwears* t'oppoſe
The extirpation of the beaus.
Sappho! whoſe manners long have been
The women's ſcorn, the jeſt of men.—
—Though you refuſe, ye thoughtleſs fair!
The muſe's friendly voice to hear;
Though bright example you diſdain,
And weeping graces ſue in vain;
Forbear to ſcorn the frowns of fame,
Leaſt yours be joined with SAPPHO's name.

Another SAPPHO claims my lay;
Plebeian ſubjects, clear the way.
Precedency her dear delight,
To R-- pay, her darling right.
Dawſon haſte with ſoothing voice
Her panting, fluttering heart rejoice.
Tell her 'tis hers to lead the ball,
The firſt to dance, the firſt to call.
And every honor her's—in RIGHT,
Of high deſcent from CITY KNIGHT.

The joyful triumph thou may'ſt paint,
But break it gently,—*leaſt ſhe faint.*
—Heedleſs that fleeting time hath ſpread,
His hoary pinions on her head;
Wiſhing like HEBE to appear,
She copies WOODLEY's dreſs and air:
Cloathing her face in mimic ſmiles,
Spreading for lovers ſilken to ls;
Grafting on fifty—gay fifteen;
And flowering ſhrubs, on evergreen.
By nature ſaucy, vain and proud;
In fancied rank above the croud;
Her higheſt bliſs th' eclat and ſtate
Of ſplendid jewels,—maſſy plate.
Theſe,—cruel fortune hath denied,
Or ſparingly at beſt ſupplied.
Yet in both, her ſplendor ſuch is,
One might take her for a Ducheſs!
Diamonds of fineſt water deck
On gala days, her hair and neck;

When routs her numerous friends collect,
Her ſide board claims the firſt reſpect.*
Proving to each aſtoniſh'd gueſt
Her wealth, magnificence and taſte.
But each aſtoniſh'd gueſt remains
In doubt, concerning *Ways and Means.*
Leaſt envied jewels, envied plate,
Unjuſt ſuſpicions ſhould create;
To ſilence ſlander, be it known,
That they in truth are,—*not her own.*
R—— thou canſt not but excuſe,
This blabbing of my tell tale muſe:
For ſure thou rather wouldſt of courſe,
Be thought a fool, than ſomething worſe.

When YOUTH the wreath of folly wears;
The fond purſuit of tender years! Eccentric

* To account for the introduction of a ſide-board at a rout, it is neceſſary to inform the reader, that the company, who have the honor to be of Mrs. R's parties, are preſented at their entrance and departure, with the full view of a ſuperb ſide-board of plate, *hired for the occaſion.* A perſon attending to keep open the parlour door that none of her viſitors may loſe the exhibition.

Eccentric whimſies may offend,
Yet ſtill in candour find a friend.
When paſſions flow in copious tide,
And reaſon's feeble powers deride;
Virtue regards with ſoften'd eye,
And breaths for ſins of YOUTH, a ſigh.
The mind miſled in either caſe,
Growing in years, may grow in grace.
But when revolving years have paſſed,
Each year, more wicked then the laſt;
When folly blooms, though ſenſe decays,
Acquiring ſtrength from length of days.
Think not CORINNA! candours wing,
Thy fame will ſhield from ſatire's ſting;
Though ſycophants in throngs reſort,
Daily to pay thee ſervile court;
Though crouded routs, and ſplendid gueſts,
Sip of thy tea, and ſhare thy feaſts;
Think not CORINNA they are blind,
Or to thy faults, and failings kind.
Their buſy tongues *moſt* prompt to blame;
Firſt blaſt,—then execrate thy name.

Doom'd

Doom'd from thy early youth to prove,
Loathſome to virtue, as to love;
Didſt thou CORINNA ever dream,
They ſought thy converſe from eſteem?
Truſt me *Convenience* was the lure,
Affection, never ſought thy door.
T— — thy friend thy beſt belov'd,
For whom thou heaven and earth haſt moved,
E'en T— — feels a ſhivering dread,
When ſummon'd to thy luſtful bed.
And ever wears, ou rueful face,
The impreſs of thy loath'd embrace.—
—Conſult thy mirror as a friend,
On whom thy good, or ill depend;
Preſent thyſelf in nature's dreſs,
And thou CORINNA ſhall't confeſs,
The form reflected to thy view,
Beggars the HAG that OTWAY* drew.

Improve the moment of ſurprize,
From vain conceits avert thine eyes.

Thy

* Vide his Tragedy of the Orphan.

Thy robes fantaſtic caſt away.
In robes more ſuited to array.
In SACCLOTH, veil thy haggard frame;
In deep retirement hide thy ſhame.

Leaſt harden'd, thou ſhouldſt ſtill delay,
Thy debt of penitence to pay;
Leaſt thou her councils ſtill refuſe.
Hear the laſt effort of the muſe.

If he who turns to virtue's ways,
One thoughtleſs ſinner merits praiſe.
And heav'n as holy-writ declares,
Rewards with bliſs his pious cares;
Reverſe the caſe and well reflect,
What *thou* CORINNA muſt expect;
When the accuſing angel reads
Thy vices, crimes, and wicked deeds;
Imputing too, by heav'n's decree
Sins not thy own, but cauſed by thee.
" Virgins of innocence deſpoiled,
" By thy ſeductive arts beguiled.

" Wives to adult'rous couch convey'd,
" At thy CIRCEAN feaſts betray'd.
" Victims, unſpotted e'en in thought,
" 'Till by thy impious maxims taught:
" 'Till thou their paſſions didſt inflame
" By means, the muſe would bluſh to name."
—If theſe CORINNA thou ſhouldſt meet,
Accuſers, at the judgment ſeat;
Think e'er thy ſhorten'd thread is ſpun;
Think e'er thou greet tomorrow's ſun;
What heav'n in juſtice muſt decree,
On ſins like thine,—a wretch like thee.

When lour'ing clouds, like ſhades of night,
Obſcure the ſun to human ſight;
With ſable veil o'er ſpread the day,
Obſtructing every genial ray;
Dejected nature ſeems to mourn,
And languiſh for the ſun's return.
The ſun returns,—his glad'ning ray
All nature's ſadneſs charms away.

Such

Such was the gloom Corinna's ſhade,
O'er my affrighted fancy ſpread;—
Such my ſenſations of delight—
When, to my pall'd,—my ſicken'd ſight,
Virtue with beauty's ev'ry charm,
Appear'd—in SMITH's bewitching form.
Mov'd with a Poet's fond deſire,
With eager hand I ſeized the lyre;
My willing muſe prepared to pay,
To SMITH the tribute of her lay.
Her charms to paint, her praiſe rehearſe,
In grateful ſtrains of humble verſe.—
—Apollo whiſper'd in my ear,
" Preſumptuous bard, th' attempt forbear;
" Prophane not with thy feeble lays,
" A theme above all mortal praiſe.
My bluſhing muſe with downcaſt look,
Aſſented to the juſt rebuke;
And vow'd ſhe'd ne'er be found again,
Aſſiſting in a work ſo vain.

Yet wiſhing ſtill like child of Eve,
Forbiden laurels to atchieve.
Her fingers itch'd to touch the ſtring,
The love-inſpiring EARLES to ſing;
The ſweeteſt ſubject bard can chuſe,
Or virtue offer to the muſe.
Yet fearing leaſt her broken vow,
Should cloud with frowns Apollo's brow;
She thought it beſt to change the ſcene,
And moved, where love nor beauty reign.—
—T'wards *Fortune's ſhrine* ſhe bent her way,
Where zealous crouds their orgia pay;
And victims ſhed their *deareſt blood*,
In copious ſtreams, for common good;
Where *banded* troops of *arrant knights*,*
Devoutly *join* in MYSTIC RITES;
Who leaving friends and native ſhore,
Fortune's Arcana to explore;
Here—The ALCHYMIC SECRET gain,†
Which antient Sages ſought in vain.

Out-

* Not of St. Patrick but the more antient order of Chevaliers d'Induſtrie. † The Philoſopher's Stone.

Out-doing all of MIDAS told,
Woods, manſions, lawns convert to gold.—
—But ſchemes of rapine, fraud, deceit,
With ſcenes of rage, deſpair, regret;
Ill ſuiting with the muſe's taſte,—
—Seizing her lyre, ſhe roſe in haſte,
And diſappearing from my ſight,
To high Parnaſſus wing'd her flight.

FINIS.

17